As well to ſee the veſſell thats come in,
As to throw out our eyes for braue *Othello*,
Euen till we make the Maine and th'Ayre all blue,
An indiſtinct regard.
3 *Gent.* Come, let's doe ſo,
For euery minute is expectancy
Of more arriuance. *Enter* Caſſio.
Caſ. Thankes to the valiant of this Iſle,
That ſo approue the Moore, and let the heauens
Giue him defence againſt their Elements,
For I haue loſt him on a dangerous ſea.
Mon. Is he well ſhipt?
Caſ. His Barke is ſtoutly timberd, and his Pilote
Of very expert and approu'd allowance,
Therefore my hope's (not ſurfetted to death)
Stand in bold cure *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Meſ. A ſaile, a ſaile, a ſaile.
Caſ. What noyſe?
Meſ. The Towne is empty, on the brow o'th ſea,
Stands ranckes of people, and they cry a ſayle.
Caſ. My hopes doe ſhape him for the gouernement.
2 *Gen.* They doe diſcharge the ſhot of courteſie,
Our friend at leaſt. *A ſhot.*
Caſ. I pray you ſir goe forth
And giue vs truth, who tis that is arriu'd.
2 *Gent.* I ſhall. *Exit.*
Mon. But good Leiutenant, is your Generall wiu'd?
Caſ. Moſt fortunately, he hath atchieu'd a maide,
That parragons deſcription, and wild fame;
One that excells the quirkes of blaſoning pens;
And in the eſſentiall veſture of creation,
Does beare an excellency:—now, who has put in?
Enter 2 Gentleman.
2 *Gent.* Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the Generall;
He has had moſt fauourable and happy ſpeede,
Tempeſts themſelues, high ſeas, and houling winds,
The guttered rockes, and congregated ſands,
Traitors enſteep'd, to clog the guiltleſſe Keele,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 THE BODLEIAN LIB